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You will have the kind of comradeship in travel that sailors know.

You will have regular pay, over and above your meals, lodging and your first uniform outfit—good stuff all of it.

You can join for two years. When you get through you'll be physically and mentally "tuned up" for the rest of your life. You'll be ready through and through for SUCCESS.

There's a Recruiting Station right near you. If you don't know where it is, your Postmaster will be glad to tell you.

To any Father and Mother:—

In the Navy your boy's food, health, work and play, and moral welfare are looked after by responsible experts.

## Shove off! -Join the U. S. Navy

### A Tent for Two

By IZOLA FORRESTER

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was late when Guen arrived. She had hoped that Mrs. Bascomb would meet her at the station, or at least send down Alma or one of the boys. They must have received her card on the noon mail. She was tired and disappointed after the long trip up from New York, and it is not conducive to joy to be left on a dingy, barren little platform at 9:45 p. m. in a wilderness of hills, with nobody to meet you.

But she knew her way around from the trip last year, and found a conveyance at the village store to drive her up to the Bascombs'. It was a long, dark drive of seven miles, but the boy kept her awake telling her the local news. Evidently the Bascombs were making money out of their tent and shack idea, the way he spoke of them.

"They got seven tents up there now, army tents, real ones, and had to put up two board shacks besides," he related happily. "And the season ain't even begun yet. Folks come up this time of year outer sentiment, my mother says. She says they get spring fever in the city and have to run away. Is that so, Miss Drew?"

Guen laughed. It was mostly habit, she told him. If you had ever been fortunate enough to become a paying guest at Rest Awhlie farm here on a



"Did You Want to Keep Them All for Yourself?"

spur of the Catskills you would surely come as often as you could. He stopped at the two tall white posts that marked the entrance to the Bascomb lane.

"Guess it's too late for me to drive way up there, 'cause dad don't like the horses out so late. There ain't any light up at the house, neither."

"Oh, I can find my way," Guen said positively. "Bring up my suitcase and typewriter the first thing in the morning, won't you, Bennie? I've only got a few things in this bag, and I need the rest."

He was right about there being no light in the farmhouse, and yet it could only be about half past ten. The white shapes of the tent colony showed here and there along the winding lane and down toward the glen. She had asked for the same one as last year, because you caught the sound of the waterfall there and the pines overshadowed it. It was easy to find, too, because it stood alone just at the edge of the ravine. She would just steal in and not disturb any one until morning.

The flap was down and seemed to be fastened. She set her handbag down on the ground and began to fumble with it, when all at once there came the quick switch of light from a flashlight inside the tent.

"Who's there?" called a male voice, and Guen gasped.

"Haven't you make a mistake?" she faltered. "This is my tent."

"I was under the impression it was mine," came the answer in somewhat of a growl. "Wait a minute and I'll be out there."

But Guen never stopped to argue the point. Catching up her bag she fled back along the lane to the house and rapped for admittance.

"Land, child," laughed Mrs. Bascomb when she heard what had happened. "I suppose you got you both sort of mixed up on your dates. He's a real nice young man, run up for a rest. He always used to come here when he was a boy, and after the war he wanted to get his grip back. I believe he was wounded a little bit. Anyhow, we told him to come along, and he must have got your tent. I'll put you right to bed for this night and we'll fix it in the morning."

But in the morning by the time she was up and out of doors her tent was ready for her. Mr. Bascomb had hurried the former occupant out and was all smiles and apologies. She did not see her fellow boarder until the noon meal, when all members of the tent colony went up for lunch to the main house. He stood near the water pull

by the screen door laughing with Mrs. Bascomb, and Guen recognized even the turn of his head at that first glimpse.

And he was even telling about her, how he had met her down in New York before he had enlisted, and she had told him all about this resting place for tired bodies and spirits.

"I used to think often, over on the other side, that if I was ever lucky enough to get back I was coming up here to rest awhile in one of those tents by the waterfall," he said.

Guen looked down at her plate. He was not adding how she had sent him away from her and told him to learn to be a worker and a fighter instead of just a dreamer. He was not telling them what she had already heard from their mutual friends—how he had won his war cross and had returned with many honors.

She had wondered if he would try to find her, or would only remember how she had sent him away from her and told him he was only a drifter. And now she had found him in her tent at the edge of the waterfall.

He followed at her side as she walked down the lane to the ravine, and she listened as he talked of his service abroad, of his trip up to Rest Awhlie farm and of how he had asked old Mr. Bascomb to put him in her tent until she arrived.

"I wanted to lie there and listen to the falling water just as you had told me you used to," he said. "I have thought of that when I was lying hidden in underbrush, wounded, and in the hospital, too, and all the way over."

"I wanted to show you you'd done some good." He hesitated boyishly over his words when they paused before her tent and looked down at the falling veil of water in the ravine.

"You told me once these were the waters of healing to you, Guen. Did you want to keep them all for yourself? Do you think I'd better go away?"

"Would you go if I told you to?" she asked tensely. "You did before."

Fa Bascomb was coming along the lane with pails of fresh well water for his tenters, as he called them, but as he caught sight of the two he turned quickly about and went the other way.

"I wasn't going to spoil no good intentions," he told Mrs. Bascomb with a chuckle. "Like enough after they get married they'll rent the tent for two, year after year."

### NOT HARMED BY CITY LIFE

Tests Show Country Boy Is Not Better Off Than His Cousin of the Town.

That the country boy is better off physically than the city youngster is accepted almost as a dogma. This, though, is not borne out by a series of comparisons made from army statistics by Prof. O. C. Glaser of the University of Michigan.

Selection was made of a typical set of cities of 40,000 to 500,000 population. With no large immigrant element, and distributed over ten different states, and a corresponding set of counties of the same total size, located in the same states and containing no city of 30,000, the total number of registrants in the two areas being 315,000. The result of the comparison was as follows: The rejected were 28.47 per cent of the city boys and 27.96 per cent of the country boys. The result, therefore, was practically a tie, showing that the country boy does not possess a greater degree of the physical soundness necessary for his acceptance as a soldier.

It might have been thought, comments the Journal of Heredity, that on the whole, the advantages of fresher air and a more simple routine would have shown itself in this test and that the country boys would have won. What these figures show is this: That there are a great many diverse and complex factors back of our present civilization, our supposedly artificial, commercial or city life, and that many of these must have been beneficial to our citizens. Here at least is a definite difference of environment unable to show a measurable modification.

### Cultivate Memory.

It is an almost pathetic fact that our identity is conditioned on our memory. We are essentially what we remember. Our experiences build our personality and our knowledge of these experiences lies absolutely in our recollections. It is obvious, then, that any individual's quality of life depends, in great measure, on his memory. A man may eat and sleep, work and play, and through it all have hardly more understanding than do the beasts. The memories of such a one will be vague, confused, a blur on the tablets of the mind.

It must be remembered that the average brain will readily bear all needful burdens imposed upon it and that the memory will do its full duty, if given a fair chance.

### Handicap of the Gold Spoon.

If any come into life with real advantages it is not the chap born with a gold spoon in his mouth and who puts in his time sucking that spoon, regarding its possession as success in life. No. Balancing all his blessings are those of the youth who with nothing in his mouth but a sharp appetite, who learns early that success comes only of keen competition in brain and brawn. While the rich-born is dawdling in envying luxuries this youth is solving the mysteries of life and mastering the secrets of advancement.—Charles Grant Miller, in the Christian Herald.

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Also the cost of living in Alma (considering rent, fuel, groceries, meat, etc.) has increased over 100 per cent in the past five years. Nevertheless, Gas has been raised only 15 per cent over the 1914 level.

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